A

POEM

TO THE

Right Honourable

Sir J. B. Knight, &c.

A sory poem. 15 Sept. 1682

AS Mariners, that in a Storm are Toſt,
If they can get in ſafety to the Shore,
Ne'r mind the Toyl and Pains it Coſt;
But ſet it all on Safeties Score:

So, *Loyal Sir!* though you have been of Late,
Perplexed with a *Damn'd Rebellious Crew*;
That ſtrive to over-throw *King*, *Church*, and *State*;
Remember, therefore, what to *Both* is Due.

Let not the *Laws*, *Religion*, and the *Life*
Of *Cæſar* lye within the Power of thoſe,
Whom you may ſee, by their *Rebellious Strife*,
Have Sworn themſelves the *King* and *Kingdomes* Foes.

Why do they Quarrel elſe, without Occaſion,
And fill the Rabble with ſuch cauſeleſs Fears;
What mean they by their *Damn'd Aſſociation*,
But for to ſet's together by the Ears?

They

They Talk of Pope, and *Arbitrary Power*,
Of *Subjects Rights*, and *Priviledges* too;
Where was our *Priviledge* in that ſad Hour,
When theſe curſt *Rebells* did the Land ſubdue?

Then *Sacriledge*, and *Murder*, was no Crimes,
Then *Arbitrary Power* was not nam'd;
Though all that knew or hear'd of thoſe *ſad Times*,
Muſt doubtleſs think thoſe very *Saints* were Damn'd.

Was not Our *Martyr'd Sov'raigne*, *Church*, and *State*,
Strip't of their Rights, Prerogative, and Power?
Did *He* not fall a *Victim* to their Hate,
That would again *King*, *Laws*, and *Church* devour?

If *Murders*, *Treaſons*, and ſuch Crimes go free,
As they have done of Late, with great Applauſe;
What need they care, how wicked then they be,
So they can carry on the *Good Old Cauſe*?

Go on therefore, and put the Laws in Force,
If you'd be ſafe; there's nothing elſe will do:
And let not *Ignoramus* ſtop their Courſe,
To favour any of the *Factious Crew*.

Then would our *Iſle* enjoy a Happy State,
And *Cæſar* Reign in Safety on the *Throne*;
By your Example, would His Friends increaſe
And all obediently His Power own?

LONDON,
Printed for *T. S.* in the Year 1682.